

**I Asked The Moon ...**

I asked the moon if had seen one  
As beautiful as my beloved anywhere.  
“Swearing by the moonlight,”  
The moon said, “No! Never!! Never!!!”

I sought this veiling of yours, everywhere  
I sought the grace of your youth; to the buds,  
I asked the example of yours; among the flowers,  
I sought the comparison of yours.

I asked the garden if, in heaven or earth,  
Has such a flower anywhere.  
“Swearing by every bud,”  
The garden said, “No! Never!! Never!!!”

Oh! Is it a gait, or an overflow of waves!  
The tresses, or a series of night stories!  
Aha! Are those lips, or a mirror of lotuses!  
The eyes, or a queen of all taverns!

I asked the wineglass if, in heaven or earth,  
Has also such a wine anywhere.  
“Swearing by the inebriation,”  
The wineglass said, “No! Never!! Never!!!”

In conferring your beauty  
God lost the very Godhood of grace.  
I know not what to call you—  
Shakespeare’s sonnet or Miltonic blank verse!

I asked the poet if, in heaven or earth,  
Has such a heartfelt poem anywhere.  
“Swearing by the Muse of poetry,”  
The poet said, “No! Never!! Never!!!”

I asked the moon if had seen one  
As beautiful as my beloved anywhere.  
“Swearing by the moonlight,”  
The moon said, “No! Never!! Never!!!”

“ওটা তো অনুবাদ করা।”

(: that is just a translation, nothing else.)

যার নেই কাজ, নেই আয়,—

অযথা অনুবাদ করে যায় !

someone probably thought,

“traduttore traditore”— the translator is a traitor.

was it Y2K OK?

with the arbitrary poetic licence, it was a useless effort to free the original  
quatrain lyric from the Urdu influence imposed by Mr. Ananad Bakshi;  
therefore, it was a ‘transcorruption’.